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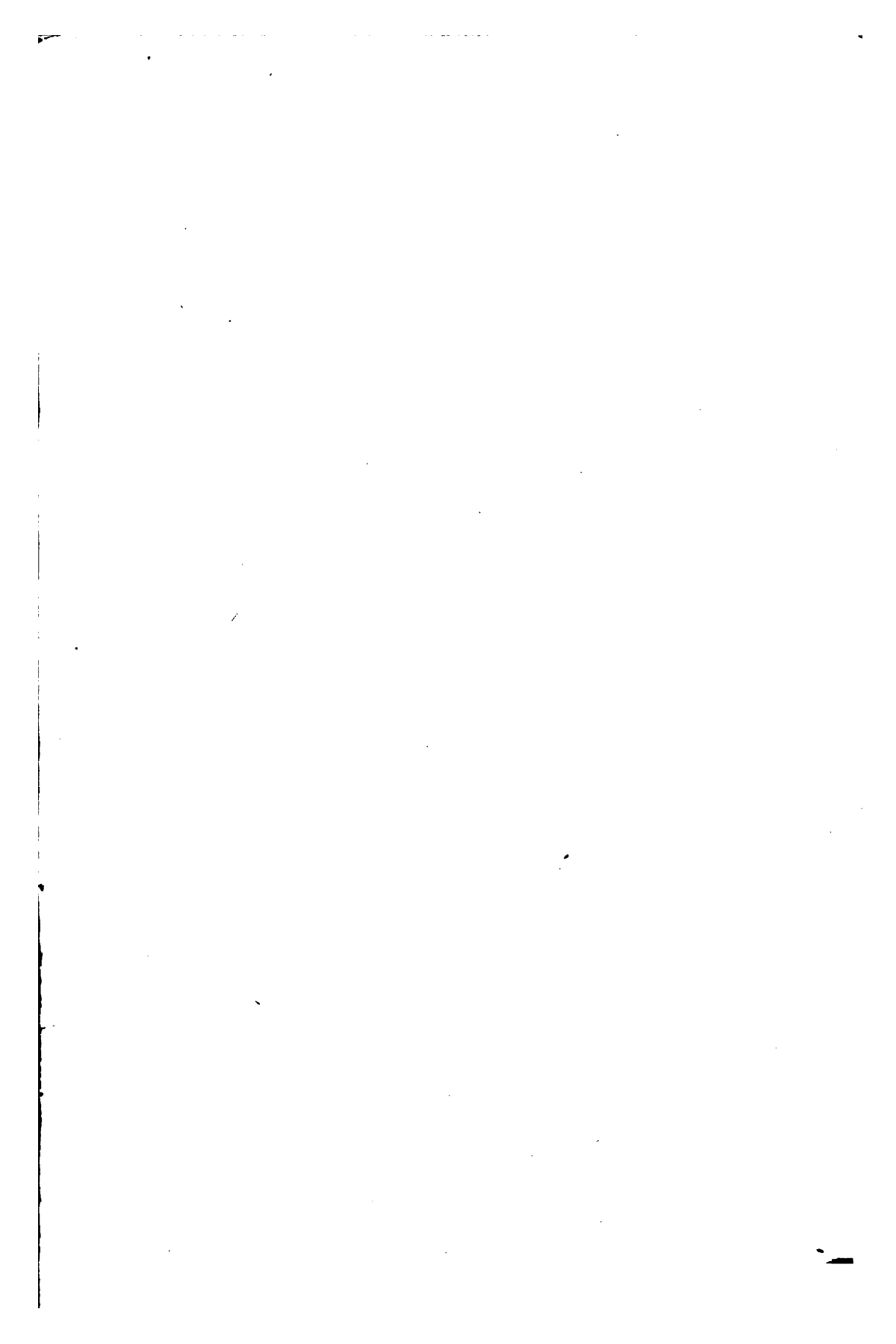
# MOUNTAIN ROSES

*Selections from the poems of*

MITCHUN M. PAVITCHEVITCH

(ONE OF THE FOREMOST SERBIAN POETS FROM MONTENEGRO)













*Mitchun M. Pavitchevitch*

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records.

2. It then outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data.

3. The results of the study are presented in the following section.

4. Finally, the conclusions are drawn and the implications for future research are discussed.

5. The data shows a clear trend towards increasing efficiency over time.

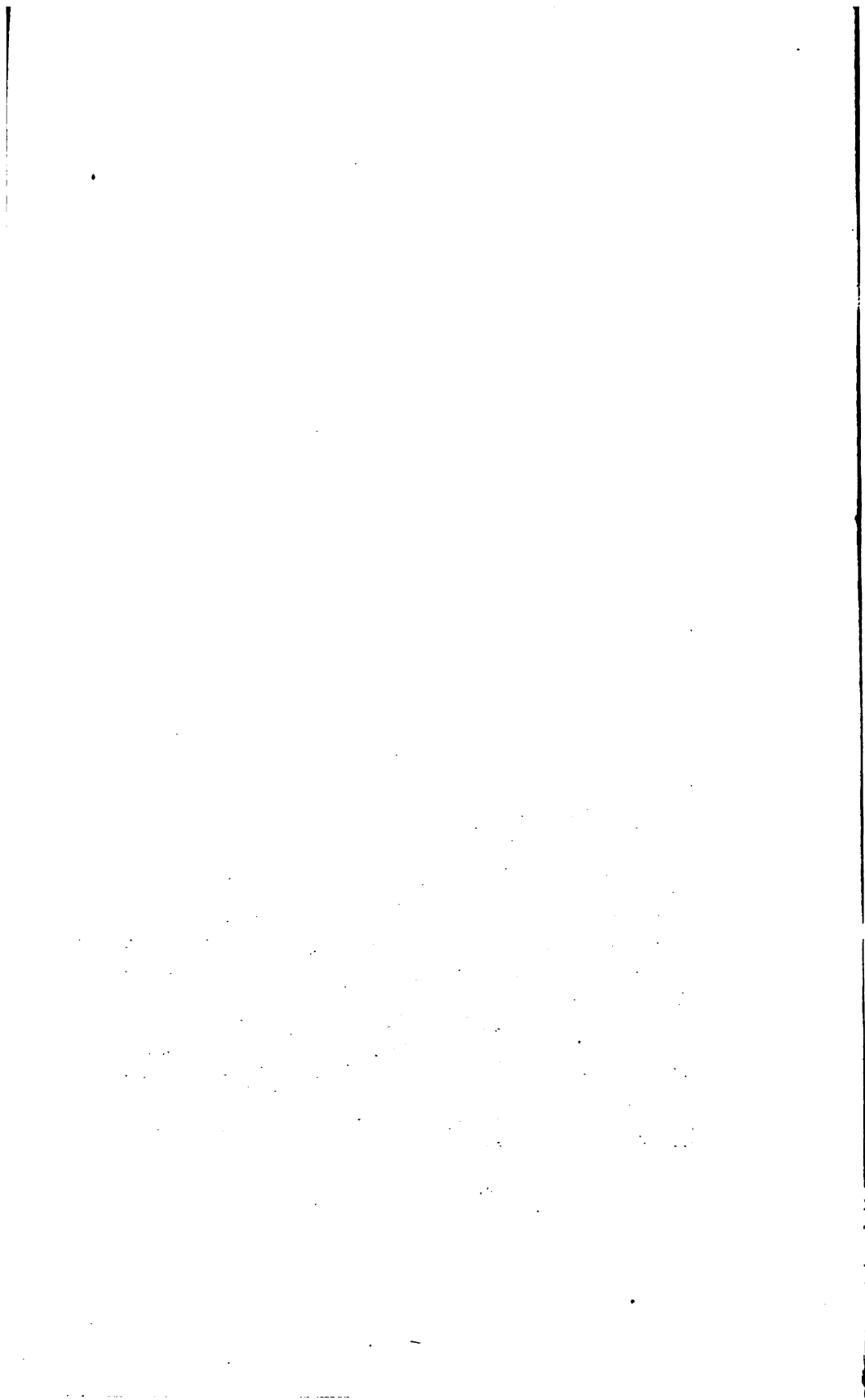
6. This suggests that the current methods are effective and should be continued.

7. Further research is needed to explore the long-term effects of these methods.

8. The study concludes that the proposed methods are a significant improvement.

9. The authors thank the funding agency for their support.





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RENDERED AND EDITED IN ENGLISH BY

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1918

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*in Author.*

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# MITCHUN M. PAVITCHEVITCH

A LYRICIST OF MONTENEGRO.

*Montenegrins are not only good warriors, as the world has finally acknowledged; they are natural, born poets. The entire Serbian race, of which the Montenegrins are the most flourishing branch, is endowed with a powerful gift for epic poetry. There are several volumes of heroic national songs in which, like in the Iliad and Odyssey, the unknown Serbian bards, or minstrels, have glorified, from the earliest Middle Ages to this day, the deeds and feats of some favourite national hero or some important historic event. The whole nation participated in that enchanting occupation and we Serbians are as proud of our epopee as the Hellenes of their Iliad. In my opinion the word genius has been ridiculously abused by all nations, for the only possible genius is a people, not an individuum. And it is because the Serbian epopee has been composed by the Serbian people that it can justly be called ingenious. There is hardly any Serbian illiterate peasant to be found, in the remotest village of Serbia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia and other Serbian-speaking countries, who could not tell the story of our favourite hero Kralewitch Marko or some other knight, and tell it in a beautiful decasyllabic, blank verse. Hence it is small wonder to know that our present poet, Mitchun M. Pavitchevitch, can also sing in that pleasing and easy meter, for it is innate, inherent in every Serbian. Although self-taught,*

*Pavitchevitch is not an illiterate bard, like most of his countrymen; on the contrary he is comparatively a very learned man. Therefore his epic style differs considerably from that of the average Serbo-Montenegrin minstrel. Following the sublime example of one of the greatest poets of the Serbian race, Prince and Bishop Peter Petrovitch from the Niegosh, who has become immortal with his Gorski Viyenatz (Mountain Wreath), a drama in decasyllabic verse dealing with almost all principal problems in philosophy, our young poet Pavitchevitch has composed many a song in that very meter, not only because he thought it more appropriate for his philosophic and didactic subject matter but also because his thought is less hampered by that meter than it would be by any other in which his lyric subjects are treated. In his song "Serbian's Lament" the poet pours out his ire at the envious, malicious and despicable bureaucracy of his country and Serbia. He is a true son of the Montenegrin soil-tiller and warrior and although himself a high governmental official and a national deputy, the artfulness, duplicity and dishonesty of the officials, whose minds have been poisoned by vices and shining corruption of the European large cities, appear to his pure and simple heart uncommonly vile and he feels keenly a sort of "mal du monde" when he says:*

*"The world is but Hell of shameful battle  
"In which lawly hungers and screams sadly  
"In which vices triumph over virtue  
"In which heart to cold stone is converted,  
"In which life of highest knightly spirit  
"Putrifies through stings of flies the smallest...."*

*Like every true Serbian from Montenegro he awaits*

*patically and strives ardently for the "Great Aurora" that will dawn for all the Serbian-speaking lands, dreaming of the union of all the Serbians, Croatians and Slovenians into one independent state. In all his patriotic songs Pavitchevitch has shown but an average Serbian patriot with his innate love for liberty and there is hardly anything in those songs that is not common to all true lovers of the native soil. It is in his lyric songs that he shows all the might of his torrential verve which can hardly be excelled even by the greatest lyricist of the Western Europe. Though somewhat raw and unfinished in his manner of treatment he reveals art and conceals the artist. When Pavitchevitch is possessed by a true emotion he is inimitable, unattainable in beauty and subtleness of expression and in originality of rhetoric figures. Neither the darling of roses, Saadi, nor the tremulously sensitive Shelly could favourably compete with our Mitchun in exuberance and opulent delicacy of thought in verses like these (depicting the usual thing called "Sunset"):*

*"When the Sun pours out the last jug  
Of blood and flame that give life...."*

*or (speaking of his lady love who is young):*

*".... I shall plunder the jewels of thy youth".*

*Ovid, himself, would grow yellow with jealousy if he read these poems and Sapho—had she been Mitchun's contemporary—would stab the poet and spit venom at him if she knew that some of his verses had not been addressed to her. In his "Song of the Dusk", which I consider the finest he had ever sung, there is more of that quintessential requisite for any work of art—genuine emotion—than in the whole of "Bostan and Giulistan".*

*From the seventeen little volumes of Mitchun's poetry several have been translated in French, English, Bohemian, Russian, Roumanian and other languages and it is to be hoped that some day my esteemed friend and America's foremost poet, Underwood-Johnson, may trans-versify our real poet Mitchun as he has done, years ago, in co-operation of Mr. Tesla, with our skillfull versificator Jovan Jovanovitch-Zmaj. My rough and verbatim translations are really intended just to interest Mr. Johnson or some other gifted poet of this country to dip in the treasure of the Serbian poesy.*

W. M. PETROVITCH.

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY, 1918.

## WILSON'S SONG.

Boils, overpours the heart and blood rustles hot! . . .  
And every atom of my being vibrates . . . .  
Why should my country with mournful brow  
Look on and linger, while her children in chains are  
dying?

I can hear the agony of dying millions  
Under the dull sword of the maddened beast  
And the heavy echo of the funeral bells  
Amidst the giggling and screaming of the hungered  
[Lucifer.

While the Old World is perishing and sobbing  
Under the hoofs of reinless stallions,  
It seems that every cry of his heart  
Resounds along our manors.

Enough of pain and offenses!  
Enough of mean silence that destroys souls  
Wherefore should we endure the false idol  
And let him murder us secretly?

To the battlefield of honour, freedom and right!  
For battle will resurrect our dead  
And bring a new epoch to the mankind! . . .

Our battle is the ire of the God-Man  
Against the Antichrist of the twentieth century  
And a cup of bitterness for the German Empire.

## THE SONG OF THE DUSK

When the Sun pours out the last jug  
Of blood and flame that give life  
And when stealthily the milde crepuscule canopies  
Our village in which passions sleep,

I am waiting for thee, weary but awake  
In the dark room of the old cottage,  
Dreaming that, drunk and half-mad,  
I shall plunder the jewels of thy youth.

And thou didst come, like the Goddess of Night  
With black ribbons down thy marble shoulders  
Like a lost ghost in the glooming solitude  
Frou-frou'd thy vestments of silk.

While out of doors the dew was sighing  
Through bosoms and hearts overpoured boiling blood,  
The disordered hair was carressed and kissed  
And mightily beat two capricious hearts.

And quivered thy crimson lips  
Before the end of a tempestuous passion  
And like the wave that breaks against the rock  
So were scattered the dreams fall of delight.



## SERBIAN'S LAMENT

Woman never man has been, o, never  
(And Christ himself by men is condemnèd)  
Falcon never has been crow, o, never  
Nor coward knight fit for bloody duel.  
Let very pearl be trown in the dirt:  
For it's jewel in the empr'ror's crown.  
Men at Moon shoot with their accursed rifles  
And old witches hiss from ashes snake-like  
Satan himself is not what men make him  
Truth must vanquish lie, the cursèd falsehood!  
Most beautiful rose in bush is hidden  
From the spiteful hand of rascal children.  
When the mighty thunder sounds and lightnings,  
Fiever shaken are both pines and bushes.  
But true hero knows not for tears, weeping;  
Cowards crawl to feet of ugly murder'rs  
I have always scorned the spiteful anger  
For my bones are made of steel the hardest.  
Weak men alone condescend to begger  
But the strong one beareth Cross on shoulders.  
Fable tells us: "Man is sacred being";  
But from science: "He's but beast the wildest".  
I myself would rather trust to Darwin  
Than to Moses, darling son of Bible.  
Howe'r this be o, co-suf 'ring brother  
Know that glory grows but after burial.

Through snow-storms of tragedy and evil  
Have been rushing 'gainst my sweet ideals  
Thundrous storms have given all their buffets  
Have been falling from tops of rock cliffs.  
Yes, but never has my soul, the proud  
Knelt, o never, under painful burden  
Standing firm like tree of God's plantation.  
On the traces of my wretched ashes,  
Will shine justice of God the eternal  
But my spirit will fly high above them,  
There where never room for devil has been.  
All the blows of men and of Destiny  
Will be scatter'd 'gainst the Forum of Truth.  
Soul but whispers, pen but flies the slender  
Hour has struck now for Shame to be known.  
This world is but Hell of shameful battle  
In which lawly hungers and screams sadly,  
In which vices triumph ower virtue  
In which heart to cold stone is converted  
In which life of highest knightly spirit  
Putrifies through strings of flies the smallest,  
In which truth and equity of all men  
Slumbers under wounds and chains so heavy,  
In which Cross holds the blood-cover'd poniard  
And protects the crimes of cruelest magnate.  
Cato himself, if he were arisen,  
Would fall in dust before mighty Caesar  
Would spit at his honest plea of sometime,  
From his Caesar would receive the medal.  
In this world of lies and cursed mishaps  
I know not who drinks nor who pays, brother,  
To whom to-day empr'or's scepter's given

Him to-morrow they send to the madhouse  
Those who to-day cowl in mud the dirt'est  
Are to-morrow glorified in marble.  
Demagogues cry with full voice their rages:  
"We are offsprings of scientific progress".  
Wild beast, slaughters his young in the cradle  
And swears he's not animal the fearsome.  
Wolf's neck they have with a bell distinguished  
To him mild sheep as gift have been given  
For their leader hare has been elected  
Fierce hyaena for their saint approved.  
Maybe will they for his deeds so "humane"  
Build a chapel to that Caligula,  
And crucify Socrates the savant  
"Cause he leadeth this word to the gallows!"  
Cicero they will call the greatest dullard  
And Nero will they call the greatest Roman.  
One day thou wilt see: the very donkey  
Wearing medals won in bloody battles,  
And the justest dying under burden  
While the villain burdens him and beats him.  
Diogenes all his life has, they say,  
With a candle searched for true man, alas!  
Even to-day in twentieth cent'ry,  
Would he not find this man's very shadow!  
O my Serbian, my beloved brother,  
Thine own children in their chains are suff'ring  
I can hear them groan and cry so sadly  
Under numb'less sufferings and shaking.  
The whip from Hell strikes thine chest so fragil.  
Men have buried thine liberty cherish'd  
All are strangers, those who thy hearth ravage

And thy sacred rights are torn and trodden.  
Thine lov'd daughter wears sad veil the blackest  
With thine sceptre others are now swagg'ring.  
Suffer, carry, all these pains and troubles!  
Destiny's whip ruins all and scatters.  
Hark at Ocean! Is he not then murmur'ng?  
But Time dries him. Who, can do like Time does?

FROM THE CICLE OF "MONTENEGRINE TYPES"

DRAGO OBRENOV.

O carven, my home, my hearth!  
'Tis in thee that I await the purple of the Great Aurora  
And hope for the hour of near Resurrection  
Which is to come to my forests,

Which are overflowing with despair and darkness.  
Endure, o brothers, my fellow rebels!  
In our sky that's full with icy rays  
Will flutter the Eagle of Cross and Freedom.

And our land 'll once again be our parent;  
All the Judas shall we inter for ever  
And our own graves shall be incensed

By the sons that are born and coming like a tempest;  
Over the ashes of our skeletons  
Their brows shall be kissed by Victory.

## YOLE PILETICH

O my cherished hills of eternal rocks,  
On whose breast darkest thistles grow,  
(Never in ye white herds had grazed)  
I know your wishes, your stories!

From my very cradle am I bound to ye,  
Every foot of ye do I cherish mightily  
For, 'tis within ye that my enchained forefathers  
Died silently on rigid ropes.

O, my beloved mountains, ye monuments of terror,  
'Tis on your hoar heads that I have elevated  
Baricade which is stronger than the very sky.

Let no winter freeze your bosom again,  
Ye shall never again be stricken by vermilion showers;  
My people must have its own crust of bread.

## STOYAN KOVATCHEVITCH

When the silent crepuscule falls  
Upon the mountains and rocky summits  
And the most belated bird from the bush  
Flies to its warm nest :

I, overloaded with burden of years,  
Bent in twain under my black *struka*\*  
Stricken by the thought about my son,  
Am shedding worm tears on the naked rock.

In my broken breast and heart  
I feel the pain and sorrow  
And the dark thought awakens in me :  
That I shall perish shamefully —

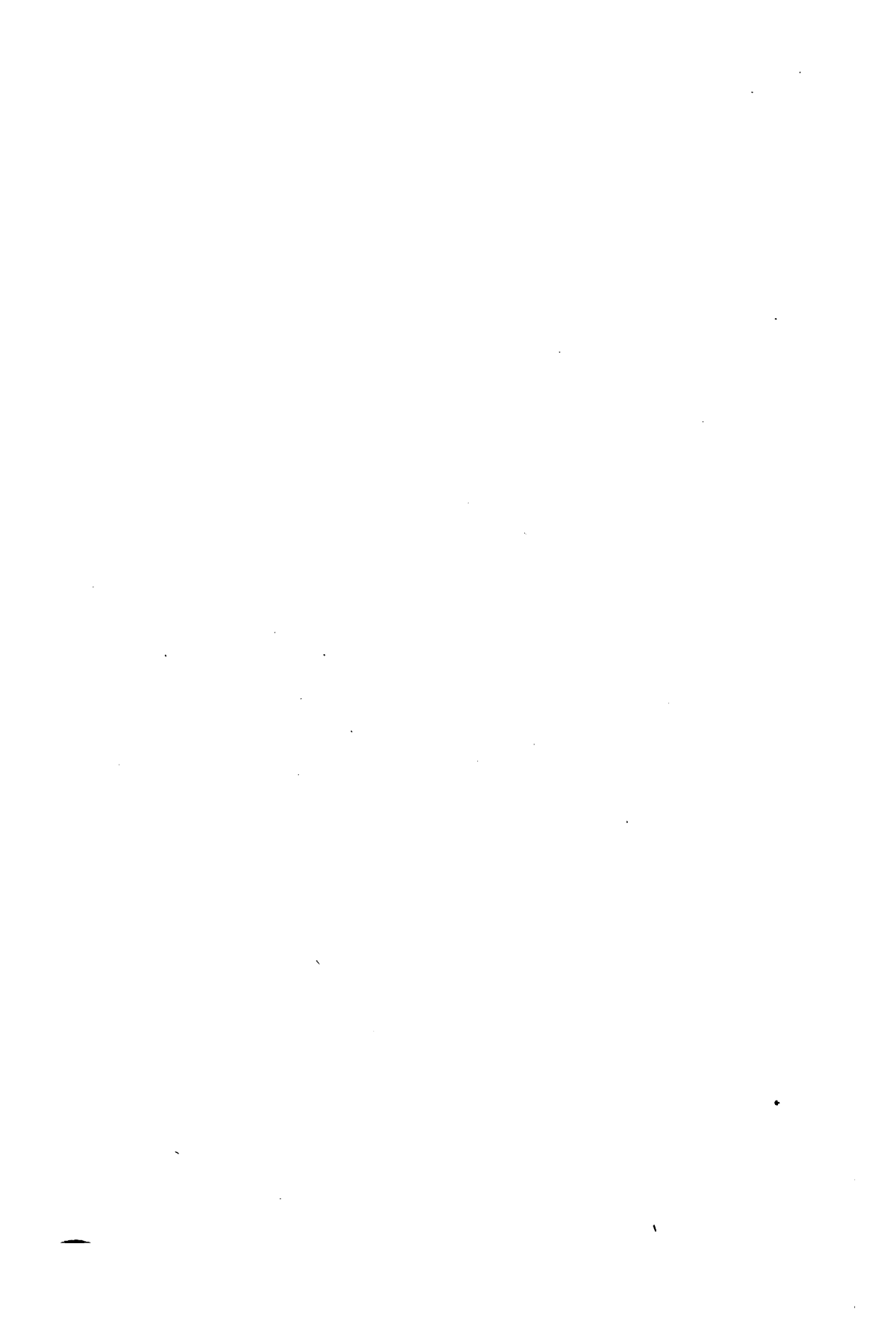
If Death should knock of sudden  
Now when on all sides  
Battles are raging, guns aroaring,  
Should I be burried by women?!

And the old warrior's shaken by sobs  
Alone, in the densest darkness.

'Tis morn. . . . . The grave-diggers  
Have dug the sire's eternal dwelling!

---

\*A kind of narrow and long shawl worn by men over shoulder as an ornament.





## MOURNFUL REMINISCENCES.\*

The day was heavy, livid and gloomy. The sun was dead and the sky burst in tears before the dark fate of my people. . . .

But the stone-like hearts of the murderers would not hear nor feel this. . . . .

Lead-like and eternal night was falling. The sea blew a mighty and mad sigh like a gravely wounded warrior; its tempestous waves mourned with their furious uproar, the infernal destiny of my people.

Yet, the stone-like hearts of the killers of body would not hear nor feel. . . . .

The lightnings shone, the thunders burst asunder over our frost-clad forests. Centuries-stricken firs and maple trees bent their heads down to the blood-stained ground and sobbed with the pain of an arrowed falcon.

And the stone-like hearts of the murderers would not hear nor feel.

Lovćen has been turned into a half-dead aligator from whose jaws a volcano of ire and vengence erupted against the underground cells of the merchants of Venice and debauched aristocracy. The soul of a deeply offended people wept.

But the stone-like hearts of the murderers would not hear nor feel.

A long flock of ravens—nuncios of evil omen and death—fluttered about the gigantic monuments of our

---

\*This song in prose is considered by the Serbians en masse as the author's finest production. It is really his farewell poem when he left Montenegro for America, and reminds somewhat the elegies which Ovid, Dante or Hugo wrote in exile.

the study. The mean age of the participants was 26.7 years (SD = 3.5), with a range of 20–35 years. The majority of the participants were male (80.5%), and the remainder were female (19.5%).

The participants were recruited from a university in the north of Iran. The study was approved by the ethics committee of the university. All participants gave their informed consent before participating in the study.

## 2. Procedure

The participants were randomly assigned to two groups: the control group and the experimental group. The control group consisted of 15 participants, and the experimental group consisted of 15 participants. The participants in the control group were asked to perform the task without any feedback, while the participants in the experimental group were asked to perform the task with feedback.

The participants were asked to perform the task for 10 trials. The task was to move a cursor from the starting point to the target point. The starting point was at the top left corner of the screen, and the target point was at the bottom right corner of the screen. The distance between the starting point and the target point was 100 pixels.

The participants were asked to perform the task as quickly and accurately as possible. The time taken to complete the task was recorded. The accuracy of the movement was also recorded. The accuracy was defined as the distance between the cursor and the target point at the end of the movement.

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MOURNFUL REVERIES

The day was heavy with rain  
dead and the sky burst in fire  
people....

But the stone-like hearts  
hear nor feel this...

Lead-like and stern  
blew a mighty and the  
warrior: its tempest  
uproar, the infernal

Yet, the stone-like  
not hear nor feel.

The lightning  
over our  
mapple trees  
ground and

And the stone-like  
not hear nor feel.

Lower  
from whose  
against the  
and detour  
people were

But the  
hear nor feel.

deaf-

red chains

in the Balkans  
Turks,



glory and our legendary past, and, with their despair-stricking crowing warned the evil masters against demolishing of national shrines.

But the stone-like hearts of the murderers would not hear nor feel.

Thousands of ghosts of our great heroes wandered through the misty air and, through the mouth of the greatest of the great, sang: "Do not sacrilege the hills of our ashes!"

But the stone-like hearts of the murderers would not hear nor feel.

Below the Serbian Olympus was uttered the horrible cry of the Mother whose bosom has been rent asunder by her own child. From the Eagle Rock, with clipped wings and disordered hair, fled the shrieking oreads to lands foreign and unknown.

But the stone-like hearts of the murderers would not hear nor feel.

In the old hut the demented mother, uttering hellish shriekes, smothered her own babe that he may not become a slave.

But the stone-like hearts of the murderers would not hear nor feel.

Every atom of my being moved with horror. . . . I shed tears of a man who has for the first time felt the weight of human evil. . . . With clutched fists I rushed out from the darkness in search of daylight, that I may no longer hear the mournful song of my rocky mountains and enslaved forests. But, alas! I still discern the faint accords of the despairing tune of my crucified country, I hear the grinding of teeth, the heavy agony, the curse and anathema of my people who is buried in one grave.

## OUR HEROES.

LAZAR PECIREP

### I.

In the distant hut the fire is dying,  
Lazar slumbers on a rock covered by his *struka*  
Under his head lay his yatagan and his clear-voiced gun  
And in his sack by his side a gruesome relic: a Turk's head.

From the summits of the snow-covered Kopitnik  
In flocks were falling snow-flakes  
And through the dark Velestovo a wild screaming:  
'Tis hungry birds that flutter and mourn.

Around the sheep-fold wanders the spaniel,  
Guarding the herd from Turks and wild beasts,  
And, spying silently, keeps his master Pecirep  
And the mare, till the Aurora.

And while the branches crack under the ice  
And the melted snow is falling from roofs  
Down to the depth maybe of the destroyed soul  
Like gains of burning pains and sorrow.

*Haiduk*\* Lazar from his hard bed is rising  
Through the night sparkles the flint  
And to! the flame licks already the sooth-covered chains  
And on the hearth dry branches crack.

---

\*Free-lancer, or guerilla warrior. During the Ottoman misrule in the Balkans the Haiduks were the only control over the atrocities of the Turks.

## II.

'Tis morn. . . . The sun in the net of darkness  
With shamefacedness like an orange in the branches,  
Has hidden his visage in the morning mist  
Ouly now and then throwing a ray upon the soil.

Velestovo is sinking amidst the mountain gorges  
Amidst the rocks white homes are peeking  
And from the precipices circles of smoke drive on  
'Tis the shepherds who are making the fires of the  
morning.

The bony old men wrapped in their strukas  
Tell the story of the battles and campaigns  
Burying their thoughts in the glorious past  
They still dream of fresh insurrections.

Lazar leads his herd in the mountain slope,  
While a lost bird sings somewhere her song  
To the mountain summit, forests and liberty  
While in Lazar's head thoughts are swarming:

"'Tis upon the stone that my mother bore me  
'Tis upon the stone that I live for ever  
'Tis stone that gave me the name of 'King of the Rock'  
'Tis from the stone that I drink the remedy-carrying wate

"This stone is bathed in an ocean of blood  
It is the monument of my forefathers and the Holy Cross  
So! the ancient blood is still running from his stone.  
This stone has been defended and kept by the point of  
sword.

Thus the *haiduk* in a trance thinks and dreams  
And moved from his stony arm-chair,  
But in the mountains, over the rocks and branches  
One armed Turk after another is leaping forward.

To their encounter goes Lazar alone, without a simple  
comrad

Behind a rock he crouched, hid his sun-burnt face  
Spying the band, despising and scorning death.  
But behold! The evil-doers Turks emerged.

Cocked his flint-lock on his *opanak's tops* \*  
Upon his yatagan his right hand fell  
And with the left he fired his thin musket  
And he shot the leader Tale of Onogosht.

While charging his musket he fired his two pistols  
In the midst of the haughty usurpers  
And lo! two more chiftains fell  
And the forest re-echoed with cries of agony.

Over tree-trunks and rocks the Turks are fleeing  
Half-dead with terror as if thunder-stricken,  
While the *haiduk* peacefully cuts off the heads of the three  
And driving his flock, sombre and bloody he steps  
homeward.

Above the blood-stained Velestovo the sun is sinking  
And rotting in the abys are the three Turkish corpses  
While at Nikshitch three Turkish spouses shed tears  
Cursing bitterly Pecirep, the fierce *haiduk*.

---

\**Opanak* is a sort of home-made foot-ware in Serbia and Montenegro with a pointed top. Lazar, having lost in a duel his right arm, had the top of his left *opanak* split in two in the shape of a fork to support his flint which he fired with left hand and kept up his fight against the Turks.

### III.

On the mountaint summit juicy trees are budding  
And through their trunks new life beams  
Through the gorges and neck-breaking holes  
The shepherd's song issues from his two-tubed flute.

Lazar gathers a band of thirty forest giants.  
Who are eager for battle, blood and vengeance  
Through the hills, mountains and forests  
Thirty comrades boldly fly like hurricane.

The first crepuscule descended from the Krnovo mountain  
And in the manor of Pelević the early fires burn  
While triumph the rows of pines the company faced;  
And Lazar's soul was tormented by thirst for vengeance.

And like an angry tiger he rushed in the manor  
Two *bulas*\* were saved by the thick darkness  
Shouts and cries broke the air, the bloody drama started  
And a stained yatagan embraced Beća's two sons.

Through Velestovo at the break of the Dawn  
Thunder-like muskets roar, the song re-echoes  
Lazar avenges his brothers: Rado and Bogdan  
While Beća Pelević at Nikšić sighs.

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\*Turkish women.



#### IV.

Over the range of Kopitnik, the forest dwelling  
Where spectres with fairies dance in a ring  
Lazar was lain one day  
Eager for breath and freedom.

And while the sun is dying behind the rocks  
And the forest grass spreads luxuriously its perfumes  
Lazar, covered with his black *struka*  
On a stone, under arms was resting.

Beneath his feet one stone rolled after another  
The point of haiduk's sword pricks his back  
From Velestovo the Turks drove his herd  
And Lazar bound is conducted to Gacko.

Over Lipnik ravens are fluttering  
Over Gacko rings of smoke are rising  
Lazar's face dark as midnight  
Is liked by the flames of Janissaries' fires.

From the wrecks and ashes grass has grown  
Thither oreads come every night  
To visit the haiduk's grave  
While Gacko still slumbers under the foreign yoke.

PETAR MRKONJIĆ\*

Thou art come like a hurricane, with the face of a saint  
Under the load of pains that agonize the soul  
And like a marevelous, gigantic image  
Fluttered over the battlefield with thy big heart.

That was the moment of a swollen tide  
Of dolors and doubts, when souls freeze  
A day of summer sun, storm and winter  
When we rushed through death: to the grave or victory.

The bones of thousands giants were cracking  
And the hurricane of infernal fire was boiling  
Over Serbia: mother of silent heroes.

While thy word, from the sombre rock  
"Forward, heroes!... like a midnight storm—  
Thundered . . . . . and was the triumph of the terrible  
struggle. . . . .

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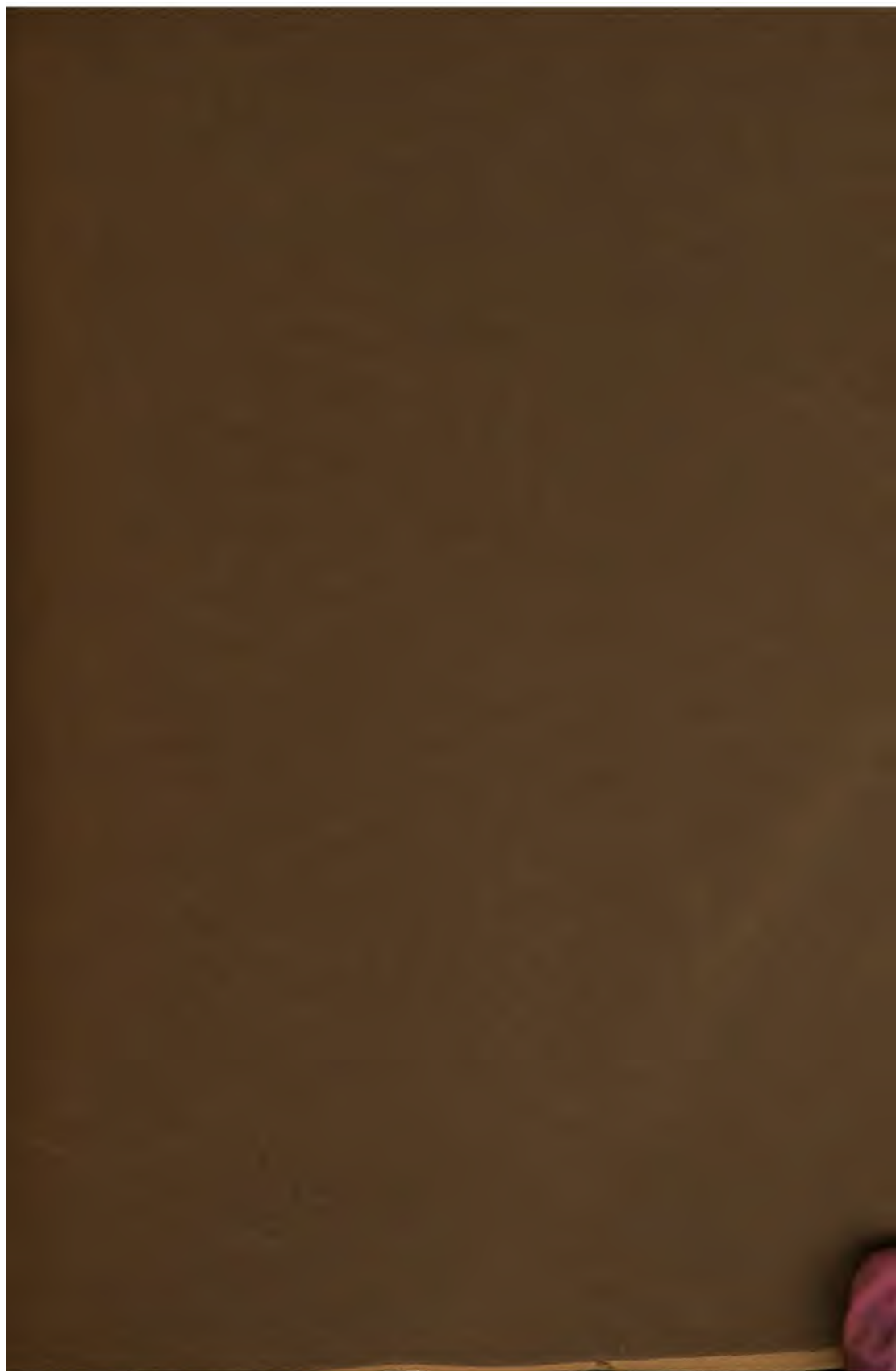
\*This is the name of King Peter Karageorgevitch under which he led the insurrection in Hersegovina.



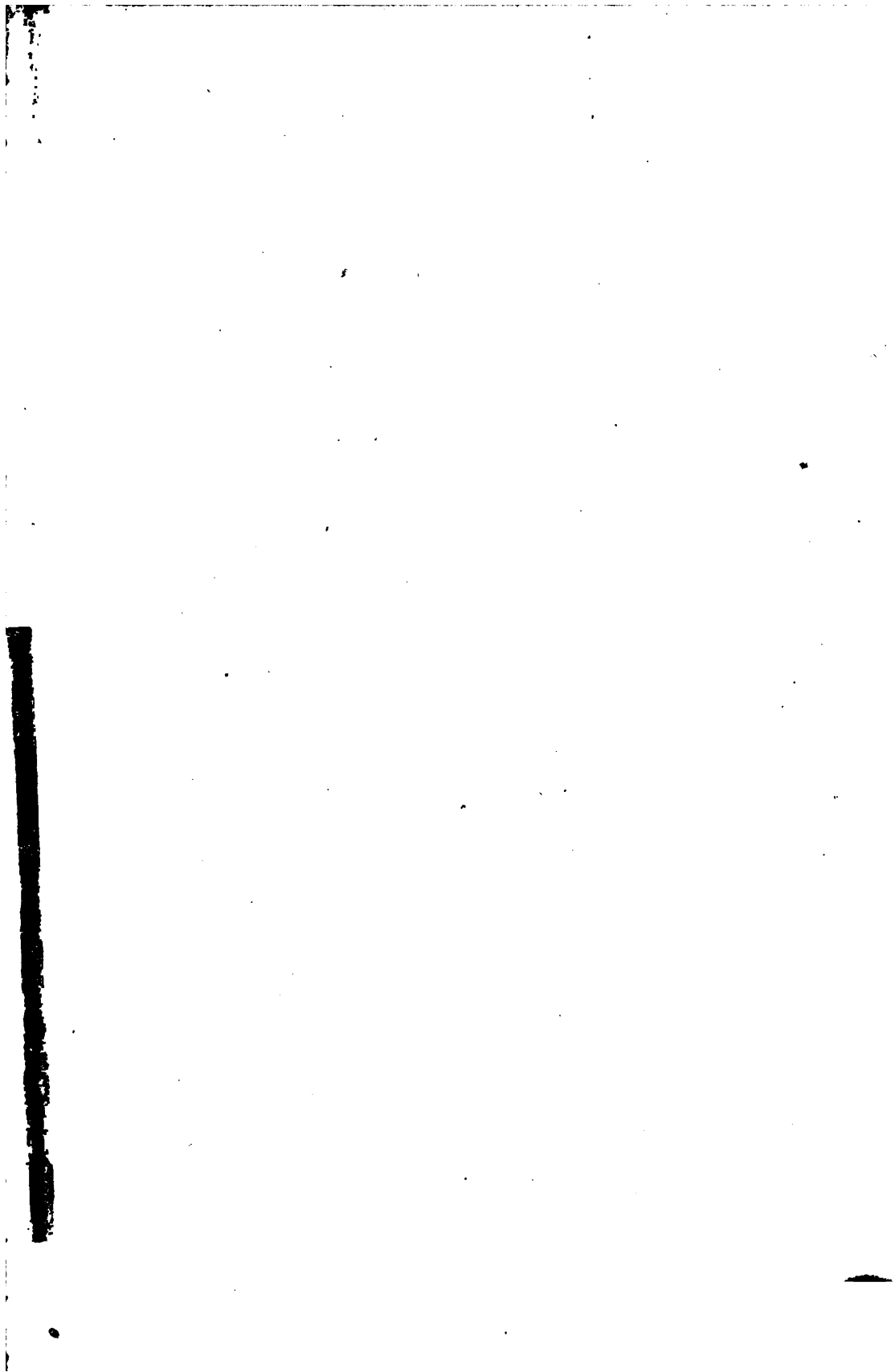
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